

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE



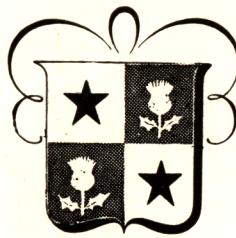
THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

Vol. 21

JANUARY, 1949

No. 11.

THE HOUSE



OF PAYNE'S

SUGGESTS

## "A Good Club Man is a credit to his club"

**He is a good fellow on every floor of the Club . . . in the pool . . . dining room . . . bar . . . everywhere.**

He is popular with staff members. He pays his dues and debts freely, without question. He is a good mixer, quick to praise and slow to criticise.

This is why he IS a good club man, and the club that can count many of his kind of members is a happy club.

*Which reminds me, good club men always know a "good thing" and are ready to share with their fellow members. Watch for the member of your club who offers you a packet of Payne's Seaforth Pastilles, the chewiest, fruitiest of jubes. He's worth knowing. He must be a good club man . . . Nuff Sed!*

# *Payne's* **Seaforth** **PASTILLES**

*In Seven Lovely Fruity Flavors*

Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Blackcurrant, Aniseed, Pineapple and Lime

**BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF MENTHO-LYPTUS**

## Resolutions Vain

THIS IS THE season when we come to take stock of ourselves, subject the spirit to searching analysis, wag the finger reprovingly in recollection of "good undone and gifts misspent," and surrender ourselves to what are known universally as "good resolutions"—fragile fancies that survive but shortly contact with the realities of workaday existence.



Yet it is good that all of us—the meek and the vain, the wise and otherwise—should undergo occasionally a chastening, should see in the account rendered our distemper as well as our distinction of quality, our imperfections in the column opposite our virtues, our flint-heartedness alongside our benevolence, the opportunities we have muffed, particularly for doing good by others—the mentally tormented, the physically handicapped, the morally enfeebled.

It's all set out in the Moral Trading Account which you, yourselves, have drawn up, checked and rechecked without making the assets add up more—as you may have wished—and the liabilities less.



Don't deceive yourselves—for that you can never do. You may succeed in deceiving others—but never yourselves, we say again. Why? Because Conscience is the auditor of your Moral Trading Account.

So it is, surveying the broadsheet, you will make resolutions; fiery resolutions. Dear fellows, you will break many of them again and again. What matter—as long as you do not depart from the fundamentals of a code that comes naturally in its observance to good men and true.



Established 14th May, 1858.

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY



#### *Chairman:*

**S. E. CHATTERTON**

#### *Treasurer:*

**JOHN HICKEY**

#### *Committee:*

**F. J. CARBERRY**  
**GEORGE CHIENE**  
**A. G. COLLINS**  
**A. J. MATTHEWS**

**G. J. C. MOORE**  
**JOHN A. ROLES**  
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**DONALD WILSON**

#### *Secretary:*

**M. D. J. DAWSON**

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**DENVER ATHLETIC CLUB** ..... Denver, U.S.A.  
**LAKE SHORE CLUB OF CHICAGO** ..... Chicago, Ill.  
**LOS ANGELES ATHLETIC CLUB** ..... Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

Allied with the **Los Angeles ATHLETIC CLUB**:

Pacific Coast Club.  
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**NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB** ..... New York, U.S.A.  
**TERMINAL CITY CLUB** ..... Vancouver, B.C.  
**SAN DIEGO CLUB** ..... San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.  
**ARCTIC CLUB** ..... Seattle

# The Club Man's Diary

## BIRTHDAYS

JANUARY, 1949.

1st F. E. Hearn	21st C. F. Viner-Hall
6th V. J. Hutchins	22nd F. J. Ezzy
7th J. L. Geraghty, M.L.A.	22nd J. Hunter
8th F. G. Spurway	23rd A. K. Quist
9th R. T. Sharpe	26th A. C. Ingham
10th J. A. Chew	27th W. S. Edwards
11th Howard James T. L. F. Rutledge	27th N. Stirling
14th W. C. Wurth	28th H. T. Matthews
16th A. C. W. Hill	28th A. C. Bavington
17th G. Dunwoodie	29th Leon Vandenberg
18th F. S. Martin	29th G. R. McDonald
20th W. T. Ridge C. Dunlop	30th R. H. Alderson
	31st G. H. Beswick

FEBRUARY, 1949.

1st W. T. Wood	9th A. E. Cruttenden
2nd E. E. Hurst	11th L. G. Robinson
A. V. White	13th H. Norton
6th C. C. Chambers T. Prescott	14th A. J. Matthews
7th Con Murray	25th W. Hildebrandt
8th A. J. M. Kelly	29th H. S. Clissold
	29th J. G. O'Brien

IT was a happy thought and a happy show, that Christmas Cocktail party in the club on December 23. Nicely timed, too, for it got in ahead of Christmas Eve celebrations. The purpose—providing opportunity for members to meet and pass from one to the other expressing the Season's greetings—was well served.

Tom Downing said so on members' behalf and paid a tribute to the zeal of the Chairman and his committee in members' interests.

\* \* \*

THE CHAIRMAN (Mr. S. E. Chatterton), speaking on his own behalf, and for the committee, said: "We enjoy in this country privileges with which people in other lands are not blessed. It is our hope that goodwill among men will prevail so that the lot of the people will be in happiness more akin to ours—that we all may be able to order our lives more according to our own desires and less under dictation.

"We of the committee are pleased to see such a wonderful roll-up. The function has turned out such a success in fulfilling the purpose for which it was designed that we hope it shall be repeated at the appropriate time down the years to come so that our wish to you all may be expressed sincerely in these words: 'Happy Christmas and Merry New Year'."

LES HARRISON told of being on the second division of the Sydney Express at Albury. Voice over the loudspeaker kept calling: "Patrick Francis Shamus O'Brien—a telegram for you." No response. Then the voice varied it: "There are still several berths on the first division." Les made a bold dash on to the platform from his berth in the second division. A porter stopped him saying: "Are you Patrick Francis Shamus O'Brien?" Les replied: "No, I'm Levinsky, going hard to cash in on the good news about the first division." \* \* \*

DURING the hunting season in England, fox hunts have the right of way over railroad trains. Not long ago an inconsiderate fox led a pack of hounds and hunters across the path of a crack London express and delayed it and its several hundred passengers for eight minutes.

\* \* \*

THIS comment from an English newspaper, on the opening of the Olympic Games, tells of the King's devotion to duty—an interesting note in view of the fact that standing for all periods, as in the South African tour, is believed to have contributed to his illness: When they come round to handing out medals they might easily hand out one to the King, who stood this afternoon for nearly two hours taking the salute from the march past of the athletes. Once or twice he eased the tension by dropping his arm from the salute, but for the most part it was there at his Naval cap—a most formidable athletic feat.

\* \* \*

G. F. WILSON, A.J.C. handicapper, whose other interest is carnation culture, recommends these types to an inquirer: Dale Fetherston, streaked with pink on small yellow ground; Frank Aldrich, pure pink; Exquisite, splash with purple on pink ground.

\* \* \*

KEEPING It In The Family: Club member Wally Watson won Tattersall's Club Cup with Avalanche. Congratulations.

ALD. ERNIE O'DEA had been frequently guest of the Chairman and Committee at luncheon on the occasion of race meetings. He made his first appearance in the role of Lord Mayor on New Year's Day—and, this should be worth recording, wearing a sprig of heather, described by him as "the symbol of the O'Dea clan." \* \* \*

## DEATHS

WE regret having to record the passing of the following members since last issue:—J. A. SCULLY—Elected 30/7/1942, Died 6/12/1948; E. P. WALKER—Elected 26/9/1923, Died 10/12/1948; PHILLIP BEVAN—Elected 27/1/1942, Died 17/12/48; G. S. SMITH—Elected 27/11/1927, Died 20/12/1948; S. SOLOMONS—Elected 18/2/1935, Died 25/12/1948.

## TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

### SUB-COMMITTEES :

#### House Committee:

S. E. Chatterton (Chairman), J. Hickey (Treasurer), F. J. Carberry, A. G. Collins, G. J. C. Moore, J. A. Roles.

#### Card Room Stewards:

G. Chiene, A. G. Collins, A. J. Matthews, J. A. Roles.

#### Billiards & Snooker Tournaments Committee:

J. A. Roles (Chairman), A. J. Matthews, W. Longworth, C. E. Young

#### Handball Committee:

P. B. Lindsay (Hon. Secretary).

#### Swimming Club Committee:

J. Dexter (Hon. Secretary), A. S. Block, J. Gunton.

#### Bowling Club Committee:

J. A. Roles (President), E. G. Dewdney (Vice-President), C. E. Young, C. L. Davis, Harold Hill, E. F. Krieger, E. C. Murray, Gordon H. Booth (Hon. Secretary).

#### Golf Club:

Patron, S. E. Chatterton; President, J. Hickey; Vice-President, W. Longworth; Captain, F. S. Lynch; Committee:—K. L. Williams, K. F. E. Fidden, L. Moroney, R. J. Hastings; Hon. Treasurer, H. (Barney) Fay; Hon. Secretary, S. Peters.

# Keen Contests for Club's Annual Summer Double

Tattersall's Carrington Stakes and Cup attracted big crowds to Randwick. The Club was lucky with the weather when it staged its annual summer fixture. High-class racing was a feature of the meeting and punters were well on the spot.

"**N**OTHING has given me greater pleasure than winning the Club's Cup," said Wally Watson, popular owner of Avalanche when the six-year-old Hua gelding galloped to victory in the main race of the programme. "The Cup was my most important turf success and I got added pleasure from the result because I'm a member of the Club."

Wally had forecast the win a week or two before the race. He had also told his many friends that he

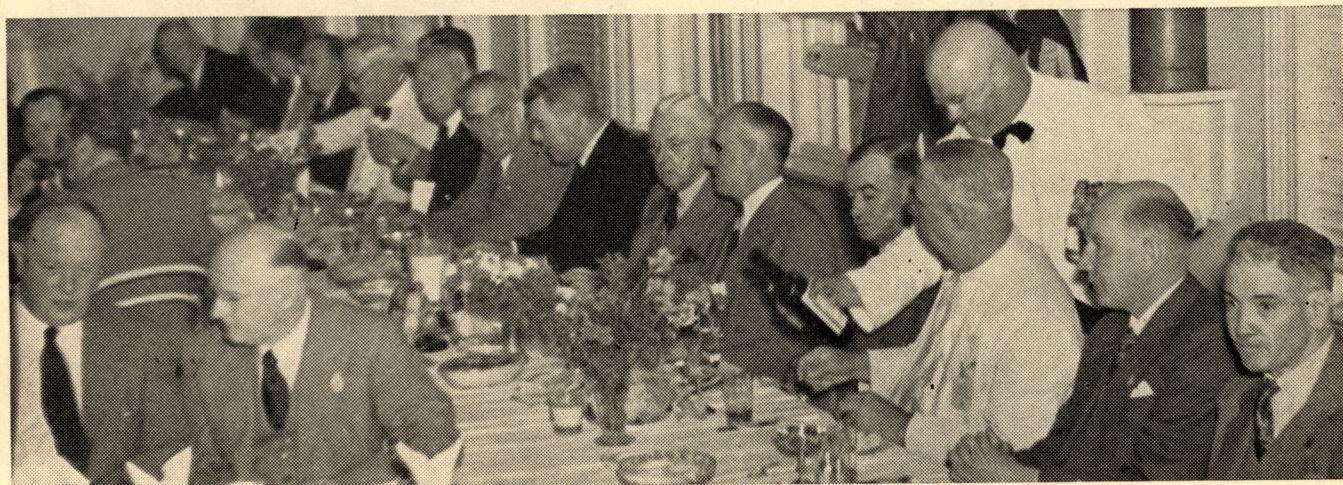
final effort but Except was beaten a furlong from home.

Just when Barnsley, veteran battler of many a snorter race at Randwick, looked like winning, Avalanche put in his claim and he went on to victory with best part of a length to spare. Barnsley beat Steady by a nose for second money.

First money was £1,704 plus a £100 trophy and Wally Watson already has selected a place to proudly show his Gold Cup. The time, 2.35½ was mod-

he had a more experienced horseman as rider and the early restraint paid dividends. It was Moore's generalship that carried the day. He allowed San Domenico (a little slow away from the barrier) and Caruso to lead Mine Host into the straight but with a furlong to travel he went after the leaders and taking charge at the distance won in excellent style.

Club executive was well satisfied with quality of the line up. San Domenico, 7 to 4 favourite, stopped to



Official guests at Luncheon with the Chairman and members of the Committee at Randwick, Saturday, December 28, 1948.

believed Avalanche would win both the Denman Hep. and the Cup, which the gelding did. After the presentation of the Cup he paid tribute to the excellent manner in which trainer Fil Allotta had sent Avalanche to the post and to Billy Cook's capable handling of the gelding. Wally hadn't been feeling 100 per cent. for some little time but the win appeared to give him at least temporary relief from his ailment. Cup wins have a habit of doing this.

Ten saw the post in the Cup for which Except was solidly backed from 4 to 1 to 5 to 2. Had he been a true stayer he would have pulled his backers through. His rider, Jack Thompson, saved every inch of ground and "nursed" his mount for a

erate, but heavy rain had fallen on the course the day before and the track hadn't recovered from the soaking.

First leg of the Club's double, the Carrington Stakes, 6 furlongs, earned a prize of £1,411 for A. T. McLaughlan, who races the brilliant Mine Host. With George Moore in the saddle Mine Host was much too speedy and solid for Caruso who carries the colours of Club member A. O. Romano. The penalised Filipino was closest of thirds. Presence in the field of the Villiers winner added considerable interest to the race.

Mine Host, a much better and more solid horse than 12 months ago, when he finished third in the Carrington to Star Vite and Beau Robert, was firm in the betting. On this occasion

a walk and beat one home. It was a disappointing display both from the point of view of the owner and the public. San Domenico had a slight call over Filipino in the betting. One factor against Filipino was his penalty for having won the Villiers. It was certainly three pounds only, but when a horse has above 9 stone every pound counts. Shortness of the journey, and a headwind for part of the way, were other points unfavourable to the topweight who is one of Australia's best horses up to a mile and a quarter but apparently not suited by six furlongs. Filipino will be spelled at the stables of his trainer Frank McGrath, Jnr., until it is time to get him ready for autumn racing. It will be a brief rest for the brilliant galloper.

# On His Way to Earn One Million Dollars

Records are made to be broken. Recently in the Club Magazine it was suggested that Stymie's world's record stake earnings (A) £284,948, would take a lot of toppling, but the new American champion, Citation, already is threatening recently retired Stymie's figures.

CITATION goes into spelling time—the U.S.A. season has ended—with £(A)256,470 to his credit, so he is not far from the retired champion in way of earnings. He will not take long in the new year to become record holder.

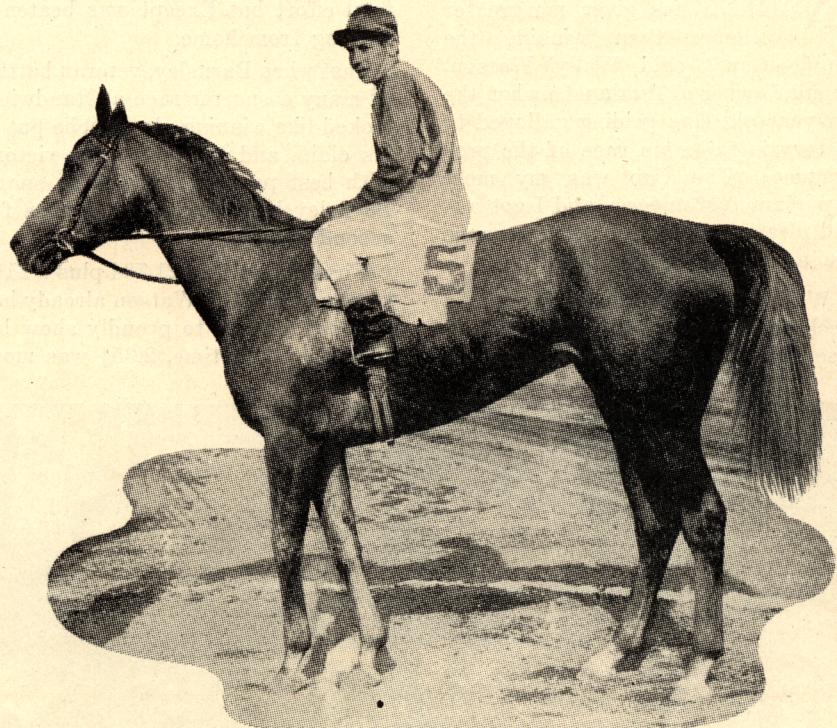
Citation recently won the £(A)31,250 International Gold Cup, 1 mile 5 furlongs (w.f.a.) at Belmont Park. He started favourite and was ridden by popular jockey Eddie Arcaro. Field included some of the best horses in America and visitors from other parts of the world, including the Belgian champion Bayeux who was badly left at the start. The Aga Khan's Nathod ran seventh. Citation is now second on the list of world's champion money spinners, main topic of American turf discussions.

Citation is by the American sire Bull Lea, from an English bred mare Hydroplane II who was got by famous sire Hyperion from Toboggan by Hurry On. Hydroplane II was bred in 1938 by Lord Derby and imported to America three years later. Citation was her third foal, the earlier two, Fly Off and Mermaid, being winners, but not in same class as Citation.

Hyperion has five times been premier English sire and his progeny have won upwards of a quarter of a million pounds in stakes. He won the English Derby and St. Leger and £29,509 prize money. Among the progeny he sired were Sun Chariot (Oaks, 1,000 guineas and St. Leger); Owen Tudor (Derby); Hycilla (Oaks); Pensive (Kentucky Derby); Sol Oriens (Irish Derby), etc.

It will thus be seen that Citation has a sound breeding background. His sire Bull Lea was got by Bull Dog (imp.) from Rose Leaves by Colonial (imp.).

Citation may be the first horse in the world to win 1,000,000 dollars in stakes. He's certainly heading that way.



## UNUSUAL STUDY IN CONFORMATION

Some judges of horses claim that "a horse must have length somewhere" to be successful. Students of conformation will agree with them after making a close study of this photo from the American "Thoroughbred Record" of the successful galloper Snow Goose who recently won the mile and three quarters Saratoga Cup. The extreme length of Snow Goose's back compared to the length of her legs will not go unnoticed. A genuine stayer she is by Mahmoud (imp.) from Judy O'Grady by Man o' War, and has won upwards of (A) £30,000 in stakes.

## DECLINE AND FALL

CHILDREN no longer seem to place much faith in stories about gooseberry bushes or the doctor's "wee black bag."

According to the "Medical World," the black bag has suffered a decline in public esteem. It no more commands respect from the present generation.

As an instance it tells this story: A young doctor in search of a container for his equipment discovered a black bag discarded while still in good condition. He cleaned it up and sallied forth, his professional pride not a little boosted by the traditional emblem.

But he was somewhat deflated when on two occasions he was stopped by anxious householders who asked: "Are you the gasman?"

## BRITISH ENTERPRISE

IT was the British who first built an industrial system. It was the British who pioneered the great inventions which revolutionised production. It was from British production that there went forth the stream of investment which helped to build the industrial systems of other countries.

It was British brains which laid the foundations of the United States of America and brought a new world into being. And even when rival industrial systems had destroyed the old monopoly of British industry, British manufactures retained a reputation for quality and durability which no other country's products could successfully challenge.

# Piles of Dollars for World's Best Blood Lines

What's a quarter of a million or more dollars to an American syndicate of stud-masters when they set out to purchase for racing, or the stud, some of the world's best horses? Cables of recent transactions confirm the opinion that U.S.A. stud owners won't allow such a thing as a pile of dollars stand between them and the crack performers of other lands.

**C**HAMPION racehorses from "down under" as the Americans call us in this country, are regularly sought, even some of the not so prominent gallopers so long as they have a potential stud value and represent best blood lines.

Beau Pere, above all others, put Australia on the map so far as American racing is concerned, even though he was an imported stallion to this country. He sired countless winners in New Zealand and Australia and became so famous that U.S.A. breeders of thoroughbreds began to cast eyes towards these shores, and the rest was easy.

Beau Pere didn't let them down. On the contrary, he sired dozens of winners which put many thousands of dollars, in the aggregate, into the pockets of their owners, and his progeny continue to hit the headlines in the best company. His name will long remain when noted sires are discussed by American and Australian enthusiasts.

Reading also is doing well as a sire in U.S.A. and it won't be long before another top-ranking Australian bred is given an opportunity to make a name for himself and advertise the land of his birth. Shannon, recently purchased for the stud by a syndicate of breeders for 300,000 dols., will soon be a racing memory. His American purchaser made a fortune from him as a racehorse in stakes and bets, then sold the stallion at the height of his fame, a rather smart move on his part, but one which met with approval by Australians who were keen to see Shannon leave the race track as a last start winner.

Shannon's career as a sire will be closely watched by his former race admirers. His total stake winning £85,000, were bounced up when he left his home country, as America is home of huge stakes and, of course, big daily crowds. Australians shouldn't lose sight of the fact

that the stakes in this country are excellent compared with number of people attending meeting and racing restricted, as at present, and big fixtures about four times a year. America has millions and daily or

almost daily racing, and it is no wonder big money can be offered as turf prizes. Australian owners can't grumble at present pay-out, and they are on a better wicket than ever before.



Mr. W. Watson (left) owner of "Avalanche" (winner of Tattersall's Club Gold Cup) receiving the trophy from Chairman S. E. Chatterton.

# WHEN "VON" TURNS IT ON

NORMAN VON NIDA, the Australian champion golfer, throws away his clubs when something goes wrong with his game—or he just stands and storms.

This little man with an obstinate mouth and a pugnacious chin, who last year went home with five major British tournaments and £3,000 prize-money in his pocket, has acquired in this country a double reputation.

Everybody in the golfing world praises him as a brilliant exponent of his chosen sport; few admire his manners on the course, though he has been called "volatile," "dynamic," "magical."

Time after time Von Nida has exploded violently in championship matches, astounding spectators and embarrassing officials.

Recently, when his putts "looked into the hole" and then jumped out he flung self-control and his club to the winds, but a few hours later he sat down and wrote to the Professional Golfers' Association: "I would like to tender my sincerest apologies

for my club-throwing and assure you it shall never occur again."

He is always almost childishly contrite after a "scene."

Last year he swore never to play at St. Andrews again because he had been penalised a couple of strokes—unjustly, he maintained.

Now he has just apologised for bashing a lump out of a bunker at the Mere Country Club, Cheshire, while playing in a £1,500 competition. He was annoyed because he played a poor shot.

But what is the real reason for Von Nida's unconventional behaviour? One clue is his background. Von Nida is tough. He has had to fight hard for his present fame. Once upon a time he worked in a Brisbane meat factory.

He grew up in a tough world.

He was only 11 when he determined to be a "big shot" in golf. He became a caddie and carried clubs for Walter Hagen and other champions who visited Australia. Sharp-eyed and quick-witted, he studied them at play and

made many a mental note that he later transcribed in winning the Queensland caddies' championship five times in succession.

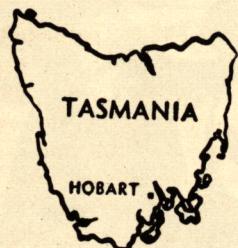
At 15 he was Queensland's Amateur champion. That thrusting chin of his developed early. He was a tempestuous youth.

But to his friends Von Nida is a "character," and a lovable one. They say that to know him is to understand his temperament.

They were not surprised even when he was involved in a fight with Henry Ransom, the Illinois professional, during the Lower Rio Grande Valley open tournament early this year, the result of which was that Ransom was suspended.

The other day someone with exceptional courage asked Von Nida the cause of the outbursts that have earned him front-page notoriety. He is said to have answered: "I'm not a Pommy (Englishman) who can keep his emotions bottled up; I'm an Australian, and I've got to get mine out of me."

—F. G. Prince White in London "Evening Standard."



## TATTERSALL'S

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NEARLY OPPOSITE GENERAL POST OFFICE

# HOW BIG HITTER WAS CAUGHT

ONE of the county's most promising amateurs had just announced his intention of retiring from first-class cricket "for business reasons," and a stout member up on the pavilion balcony said there was probably more to it than that.

"It is difficult to believe that so conscientious a cricketer would willingly forsake the game for the sordid by-ways of commerce," he said. "No doubt some other pressure has been brought to bear, as in the case of S. O. S. Sidecup of my native county of Eastshire . . ."

A small dog chasing sparrows (said the stout member) was the initial cause of Simon Sidecup's so nearly falling from grace.

Getting behind the unsuspecting young man one afternoon just when he was backing on to the ropes to take a high dropping ball, it caused him to describe a graceful backward somersault into the spectator's ring.

It must be admitted that the dog's owner, one of those slinky modern girls, did what she could to break his fall.

At another time he would gladly have stayed where he was in her arms for quite a while, but just at the moment he had to get on with his cricket.

However, one thing led to another, and such was the unbalanced state of Simon's mind that he was soon thinking of the girl "Georgie" in terms of marriage.

It was a pitiful mistake. For this Georgie, though she had joined the fashionable local queue to see the Australians at the county ground that fateful afternoon, could not have cared less about cricket.

"Dearest," he said, "I'm afraid I haven't very much to offer you. You see, I play cricket all the summer—"

"What do you do all the winter?" she cut him short.

"Oh, I'm a sort of business agent for Uncle Ambrose," he said. "He binds books and things, and I sell them. Of course, with him being a relative, I don't get a lot out of it.

Still, he's really very good. He pays me a retainer all the summer."

"Why not see this uncle of yours and tell him you're thinking of getting married?" she suggested. "He must know if he's a business man, that two can't live as cheaply as one."

Simon saw her point. But personal interviews with Uncle Ambrose were things he always tried to avoid. Anything but ambrosial at times, the bookbinder was just as likely to throw a book as bind one.

"I know!" the young man exclaimed, having what seemed to him a most happy inspiration. "We'll both go and see him."

Well, the sort of love from which Simon was suffering has always been blind. And it was a complete mystery to the young man why his uncle did not embrace the girl almost at sight.

"In no circumstances will I increase your basic salary," the bookbinder declared categorically. "If you wish to marry this—er—young woman, you must earn more commission to keep her. You must work both winter and summer."

"But, uncle," said Simon, aghast, "what about my cricket?"

"Oh, bother your silly cricket!" butted in the girl Georgie, getting a bit impatient of all this business backchat. "Surely I come before a little thing like that?"

It was scarcely the sort of speech to fall from the lips of one calculated to make a good cricketer's wife, and even Uncle Ambrose looked a little shocked. After all, he had once turned out for a very minor county in his youth.

The effect on Simon may well be imagined. From that moment the scales that had been obscuring his vision began to fall from before his eyes, and he saw himself and Georgie heading straight for the local Marriage Guidance Council.

However, having assured the girl of his lifelong devotion, he did not quite see how he could withdraw it at this stage. It would scarcely be cricket.

So (continued the stout member) the public announcement was duly made that S. O. S. Sidecup would be retiring from first-class cricket at the end of the season "for business reasons."

Happily at the last moment a kindly fate intervened. For the girl Georgie met a young man much more after her own heart—one who held a most lucrative Government appointment.

It was indeed a blessed relief for Simon who celebrated it in fitting fashion. Usually a somewhat cautious and even tedious batsman, he played that afternoon one of the most carefree and exhilarating innings ever seen on Eastshire county ground.

Admittedly one of his sixes caused some little dismay among the tea-drinkers up on the Ladies' Pavilion balcony but even that turned out to be a blessing in disguise. For it led him to visit a most charming young woman named Mary in hospital.

"You won't be permanently disfigured or anything, will you?" he asked her in very real concern.

"Of course not," she said with shining eyes. "In any event, I wouldn't have missed that six for worlds."

She was manifestly the girl for Simon.

Here the stout member paused for breath, and his companion, a small pernickety man, said he hoped they got properly married.

"Of course they did, sir," said the stout member. "What was there to stop them?"

"Well, I thought you said that young man's uncle wouldn't do anything for him," said the small man.

The stout member sighed.

"He was only too glad to help in the ease of a suitable girl," he explained patiently. "Actually he was in pocket over it. For, not content to see her Simon just a cricketer, the girl Mary soon turned him into quite a business man."—By Tomlinson Wright in London "Evening News."

# Joe Davis Gives A Snooker Lesson

Former world champion snooker player, Joe Davis, who was undefeated for 21 years, informs members in the article below how to improve their snooker. Joe was in Australia in 1936 and, besides giving exhibitions in our club, actually stayed with us while in Sydney. As a snooker player his equal has never been found. He now dilates on the "stun" shot which he avers is the "key to the game."

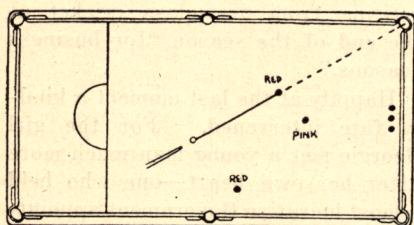


DIAGRAM 1

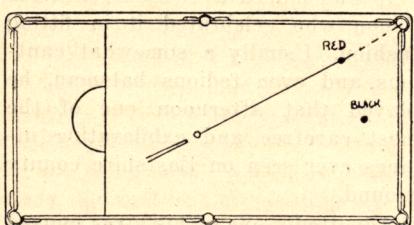


DIAGRAM 2

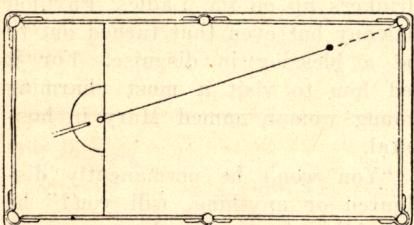


DIAGRAM 3

THE stun shot is made by striking between dead centre and bottom, accompanied by a "nip" on contact. Do not construe that "nip" as a stab or jerk, and let me warn you that unless you get the feel of that "nip" properly you must persevere steadily until you do.

With all power strokes, firmness of stance is the first essential. Be sure, in settling down, that you are standing even steadier than usual,

and remember to maintain that steadiness right through until after the finish. I stress this point. No matter how good a player you are, that complete steadiness will never be automatic. Concentration on steadiness in a power shot is something which the best of us may forget at times: and if I forget it—as in fact I do—how much more important is it for you, who are not nearly so automatic in action?

By the way, do not be misled, in reading these hints on advanced snooker, into the impression that because you have heard or read much of this before, it is not worth bothering about now. Do believe me, you good players, when I say that fundamental principles are 95 per cent. of the game for all of us. Rather take the attitude that you are having a refresher on points that the ordinary player has never even started to master.

For position in snooker, it is often far better to stun the cue-ball than to run through. Sometimes, however, it is absolutely essential. For instance, I have drawn two diagrams showing common positions, and in each of these, a run-through is the wrong shot. In fact, a stun is the only shot for good players.

## Set up the position

In the first diagram, you pot red into top left pocket, and stun cue-ball for position on the pink. You then pot pink and stun for the next red. Now, here is a pretty position

for you to set up. Put the balls up just as shown, and see whether you can accomplish these two shots perfectly. They are both within reach for right-handed players without use of the rest.

The shot on the pink will be instructive, for this reason: it is a very simple shot, the pot being a certainty, but the effect on the cue-ball will show you whether you are striking correctly. If it travels on, either you are hitting too high or you are not registering the "nip." If it comes back, you are striking too low and are applying screw. Incidentally, I have often seen amateurs play the most perfect stun shots when they had intended to screw—they weren't striking low enough.

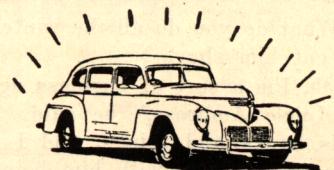
You can continue to experiment usefully with that shot on the pink. It

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may suit your purpose for the next shot to get a little travel on the cue-ball, in which case the tiniest fraction of higher striking will take it on a couple of inches. You will also learn by altering the position of the cue-ball slightly that stun can be used when the pot is not dead straight. But, as you will find, if the deviation is at all considerable, stun with a forcing shot is out of the question. The cue-ball will fly away some distance.

#### One to know

Next set up the position in the second diagram. This is a very common type of shot and there is no shot more useful in the whole game. You can vary it by making the angle narrower, and you will find that, so long as the pot is dead straight, it is invariably a safe shot, because if the red fails to drop, it will travel, nine times out of ten, along the top cushion towards the other pocket, and that other pocket is covered from the cue-ball by the black.

Now, these shots you have probably seen executed by the professionals on so many occasions that, as a spectator, they seem ordinary to you. If you want to be first class, you must master them. To us, they are the break-builders.

Diagram 3 shows a stun-shot of a still more difficult length. In making this shot, the cue-ball should be struck full bottom, as though for a screw. The long travel naturally causes the retarding effort of the screw to deteriorate, so that when the object ball is reached the cue-ball does no more than stop. Be careful not to raise the cue butt.

#### All-black play

Having done all these things, you should next try the infinite variety of stun shots around the black. That, of course, is the key position to the whole game in advanced snooker, and you cannot practise too much to familiarise yourself with the pocket angles and the various cushion contacts. If you are already a considerable billiards player, top-of-the-table play will have laid a good foundation to this all-black play. If not, then you have a long way to go.

Sticking to the subject of stun shots, I have already mentioned that

stun is practicable even if the pot is not dead straight, and you will have often seen myself and other professionals pot the black from short range, using stun from a slight angle to get a travel of four to nine inches only on the ball where follow-through would take the cue-ball over to the side cushion.



JOE DAVIS

As to these shots, no player or teacher on earth can help you very much. It is all a matter of experiment. You should set the black up with the cue-ball twelve to twenty inches away, varying the angle slightly, and note carefully the result of each shot. Note the degree of strength, and, the precise amount of stun (as regulated by the striking point) required to get the position you want.

I have said, probably a thousand times in the last ten years, that there are no mysterious secrets and there is no short cut to success in this game. I say it again. If you are a good player who wants to improve further, I can only tell you that stun and partial stun around the black is most vital. Further, that you can buy all the books ever written, and they will be quite valueless without practice.

#### One of my secrets

If I have any secrets, here is one of them: I have always been a very keen student of the game; so keen that I am always making mental

notes. You can apply the same idea in this way: suppose you set the black on its spot and the cue-ball in the jaws of a top pocket, and try to cut the black back into the other top pocket.

You fail—what? Fifty per cent.? Seventy per cent.? Never mind. The point is, how do you generally fail? Do you generally over-cut, or do you generally hit too full? Quite probably you will find that your errors consist of quite eighty per cent. of the one type against twenty per cent. of the other. Now — what do you learn from that?

#### When I miss

Again, when I miss a certain type of shot, and I am satisfied that I struck truly, I get puzzled. It sticks in my mind. I don't forget these things, and when I next get a chance I set the balls up and find out where I went wrong.

I spend my life checking up. I even check up on my diet, to find out whether meals at certain hours, or certain types of meals, affect my mind in its sharpness and concentration, or my nerves on a critical shot.

Do not think that one becomes a champion, and stays there for years just by instinct. I study this game, and far more than half my study is in checking faults as they strive to creep in. And they are always striving, believe me.

#### Knowledge around the black

I have acquired stun-shot knowledge around the black. It didn't arrive by accident. People believe that Horace Lindrum is a genius; but let me assure you that he got there through years of hard work, like Sidney Smith and the rest of us.

And so, if you are with me in these brief talks, it is up to you to get down to it. Stun is easy enough to apply. In higher snooker, it is a matter of degree. Let me finish by saying that the varieties and degrees of stun shots around the black are literally infinite. No man has ever entirely mastered the shot; no man ever will. All the best.

# Indoor Training of the Young Horsemen

A.J.C.'s school for apprentices is gaining in popularity, and attendances have grown from less than 10 to an average of 70. It is a fine institution and a seat of knowledge for the junior horsemen.

EVIDENCE of the good work being done was impressed on visitors to the annual prize-giving when R. Selkrig, dux for the year received a handsome Cup and a fine saddle. N. Daly, runner-up, also was handed a saddle for a meritorious effort. H. Russell, and the most promising junior, R. Pearse, also won nice prizes. Members of the A.J.C. and owners could take a keener interest in the welfare of these lads, that is, give tangible support to the school. Perhaps few know of the splendid work being achieved by Professor Stewart, who is in charge, assisted by Messrs. Larkin, Monks, and Taylor. All four are doing a remarkably splendid indoor job, assisted by masters of the lads, to try and turn them out first-class riders. Two or three senior horsemen also are lending a hand.

First term is devoted to character building, and later the boys are given

technical and other instruction. They learn the rules of racing and are given hints which will serve them in good stead in their future racing. For any failures the lads can blame themselves only.

A couple of brief boxing bouts, and recitations of poems by the apprentices helped towards an enjoyable night. One old-timer poem was given a "new look." It was recited by R. Selkrig and was the familiar:

### The Riders in the Stand

Some ride in the elastic style and bump at every stride,  
While others sit a long way back,  
To get a longer ride.  
Then others ride like sailors go,  
With arms and legs and teeth;  
And some ride on the horse's neck,  
And others underneath.  
But of all the finest horsemen out,  
The men to beat the band,

You'll find among the crowd who ride

Their races in the Stand.  
They'll say he had the race in hand,  
And lost it in the straight,  
They'll tell how Bartle came too soon,  
And Munro came too late.  
They'll say that Joe has lost his nerve,  
And Bert has lost his head;  
They'll tell how one was livened up,  
And something else was dead!  
In fact, there never was a race  
On sea, or sky, or land,  
That you couldn't get it better done,  
By riders in the Stand.  
This rule holds good in everything,  
Through life's uncertain flight,  
You'll find the winner can't go wrong,  
The loser do no right.  
You'll ride a splendid race and lose,  
By one and all you're banned;  
Ride like a sack of flour and win,  
They'll cheer you in the Stand!

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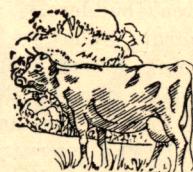
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### NO MENTION, PLEASE

STRANGEST tabu of the British Board of Film Censors is that the names of the Royal Family must not be mentioned in films. The censor insisted that a line referring to Princess Elizabeth's mink coat must come out of the film "Here Comes the Huggetts." This film, a family comedy, centres around Princess Elizabeth's wedding. Band-leader Edmundo Ross sings a calypso composed for the occasion, but its references to Elizabeth and Philip had to be deleted. The censor's idea is that to mention any of the Royal Family by name "might give offence." So they must remain anonymous in British films.

\* \* \*

MANY Chinese characters or words when translated into English describe objects with a picturesque clarity. As examples, soda water is angry water, a razor is a scrapecake knife, an elevator is a rise-descend machine, a railroad engine is a fire cart and a match is a self-come light.

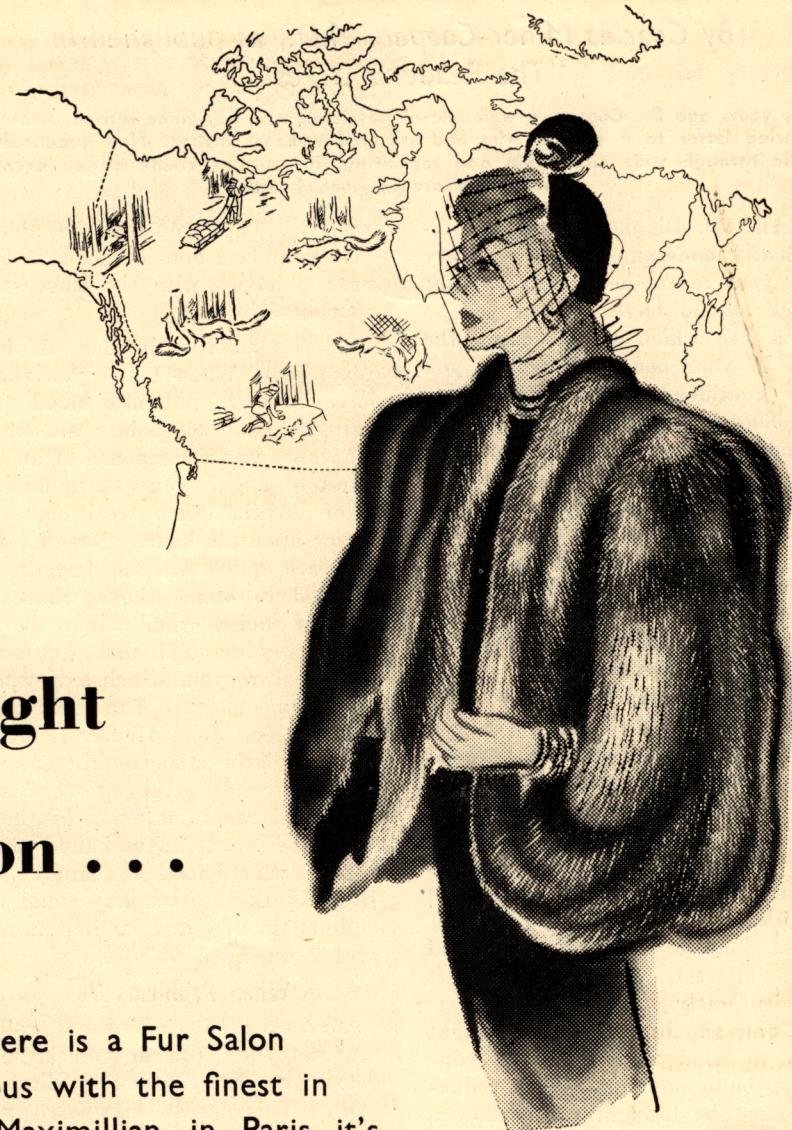


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# HEART-TO-HEART TALK

(By Charles Miner-Cooper, M.D., as published in  
"The Reader's Digest")

Some years ago Dr. Cooper, a well-known physician who has since retired, wrote the following letter to a patient who had suffered a heart attack. Now practically a classic through wide circulation and reprinting, it contains sound advice even for those who are in good health.

DEAR Mr. Blank: You have evidently made an excellent recovery from your recent heart attack. That attack should have warned you to live a life which would lessen the work of your heart. However, you have continued to be overweight; you have been eating and drinking as much as you desire. You have carried on strenuous business activities, working long hours and often at top speed. You have not curbed your quick and, at times, rather violent emotional reactions. The load on your heart has been too heavy, hence you are now incommoded by shortness of breath and other disturbing symptoms.

You come to me for advice, as you have gone to other doctors, perhaps hoping that I can give you a drug which will enable you to carry on as you have been doing. Unfortunately there is no such drug. But let me outline a regime which will help you immensely if, after a period of almost complete physical, mental and emotional rest, you will follow it conscientiously.

1. You should bring your weight down to what is normal for your height, build and age. This reduction must be brought about slowly, by modifying your diet and by graduated exercises — not by reducing drugs. Refrain permanently from overloading your stomach on any occasion.

2. You must cut down the extent and speed of your physical activities. Do not run to catch a train, hurry up stairs, attempt to park an automobile in a closed-in space, or use any set of muscles to the limit of your vigour. Refrain from physical effort immediately after eating, and do nothing that will make you short of breath. If at any time you begin to breathe fast, or experience a constricting chest pain, lie down and rest.

3. You must indulge in mental tasks only when your mind is fresh, and cease them when you become

weary. Thus you will be able to give your best consideration to business problems with the least strain to yourself.

4. You must curb your emotional reactions. When I tell you that I have known a patient's blood pressure to jump 60 points almost instantaneously in response of an outburst of anger, you can understand what strain such reactions can throw upon the heart. I realise that you are quick on the trigger and inclined to blame those whose behaviour incites you, rather than to consider yourself foolish for letting them disturb you. Such a viewpoint is not uncommon. The great Scottish surgeon John Hunter, suffering from much the same condition as you, and appreciating the effect of such emotional reactions upon his heart, said his life was in the hands of any rascal who chose to annoy him. Even he forgot that he should discipline himself, and he had a fatal attack during a fit of anger.

## When Problems Vex

Whenever a business problem starts to vex you or you begin to get angry, let yourself go limp all over. This will dissipate your mounting inner turmoil.

5. Try to be cheerful under all circumstances. Unfortunately, you are a moody man, given at all times to considerable sadness. Such a state does not lend itself to the proper energisation of the heart and blood vessels. It may seem to you that to be cheerful when you are inclined to sadness is easier said than done. Let me make a suggestion: Whenever you are feeling down in the dumps, think of some particularly pleasing, worth-while experience you have had. Your mood will often respond to the thought.

If you were a smoker, I should have to tell you to refrain entirely, as I believe tobacco to be injurious to those afflicted with degenerative cardio-vascular lesions.

Your heart is calling for a complete cessation of all your activities. It is further asking that it be permanently housed in a lean, cheerful, placid man who will intelligently curb his physical, mental and emotional activities.

I have a number of patients who years ago had the same thing happen to their hearts as has happened to yours. To-day they are still enjoying a sense of well-being and are doing valuable work. You may similarly respond if you will but follow the foregoing regime.—From "Your Heart," pamphlet of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

## BOWLING NOTES

MEMBERS are showing sustained enthusiasm, and weekly attendances at Double Bay greens continue to increase.

Many players who commenced the game only a few months ago are improving rapidly, and the Club is now able to turn out a strong side.

Two enjoyable matches were recently played at Double Bay. Against the Millions Club on 25th November, and the Motion Picture Industry on 9th December, Tatts being victorious on each occasion. Scores:—

### Tattersall's v. Millions Club

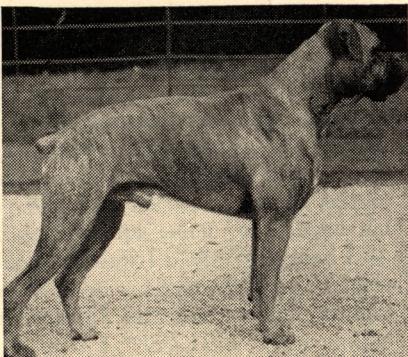
Catts, Trainor, Plasto, Eaton (T.), 33; Hawley, Jeffrey, Bale, Lumley (M.), 18. Peters, Gibbs, Broadbent, Chatterton (T.), 35; McKenna, Burrows, Smith, Gibson (M.), 22. Mitchell, Read, Barnaby, Young (T.), 33; Payne, Boyd, Forsyth, Everett (M.), 18. Barington, Turner, Traversi, Booth (T.), 20; Cowley, Rolle, Chessel, Benjamin (M.), 30. Totals: Tatts. 121. Millions Club 88.

### Tattersall's v. Motion Picture Industry

Jones, Read, McIntosh, Chatterton (T.), 30; Wilson, Nix, Shepherd, Barnaby (M.P.I.), 12. Monro, Trainor, Eaton, Roles (T.), 23; Macpherson, Martin, Brennan, Hinton (M.P.I.), 35. Plasto, Silk, Broadbent, Hill (T.), 28; Williams, Lake, Mays, Chessel (M.P.I.), 21. Young, Kreiger, Traversi, Booth (T.), 17; Higginson, Watt, Brakell, Conson (M.P.I.), 19. Totals: Tatts. 98, M.P.I. 87.

A handicap pairs competition will be arranged at an early date, and members are requested to watch the notice board for details.

# ALL BOXERS ARE NOT PUGILISTS



Club Member W. I. Hill is one of our countless dog lovers. Pictures above show three of his importations—Boxers—famed for meekness and lovability. Note the conformation of the two on top while "Momma" swears she loves "Poppa" in the picture below.

## The Boxer Dog, for Instance

**T**HE Boxer is a medium-sized, smooth haired, sturdy dog of short square figure and strong limbs, measuring from 22in. to 24in. at shoulder and weighing about 65 lbs., according to height. The muscles are powerfully developed, the movements are alive with energy, the gait although firm, is elastic, the stride free and roomy, the carriage proud and noble. As a service and guard dog, he must combine with substance and ample power, the elegance essential to an enduring escort dog with horse or cycle, and able to jump any reasonable obstacle.

Only a body whose individual limbs are built to withstand strenuous effort, assembled as a complete and harmonious whole, can respond to such demands; to be at his highest efficiency he must not be plump or heavy and, while equipped for great speed, he must not be racy.

The head imparts to the Boxer a unique individual stamp peculiar to him alone. It must be in perfect proportion to his body, and above all, it must not be too light. His muzzle is his most distinctive feature and the greatest value is to be placed on its correct form and in absolutely proper proportion to the skull.

In judging the Boxer, the first thing to be considered is general appearance and the relation of substance to elegance, and of the desired proportions of the individual parts of the body to each other.

## Why the Third Finger?

**G**OLD has been the most popular metal for the making of wedding rings, but through the centuries other substances such as iron, brass and silver have been used.

One may often wonder why a wedding ring is worn on the third finger of the woman's left hand, but there is a threefold reason why this is done. That particular finger is the least used by women and conse-

quently a ring worn on it is afforded the most protection. Another reason is because it is the weakest finger and is, therefore, symbolical of the wife's dependence on her husband for support. The third reason is because the third finger is connected with the heart and is commonly called the finger of life.

The first wedding ring mentioned in history was made of iron, but this later was replaced by brass. Then

gold took the place of brass, and has remained popular up to the present time, but platinum is being used for the making of wedding rings.

Many women for ages preferred the wide gold ring, but now-a-days it is thought that the wide band kills the beauty of the rings. Consequently the thin round ring, no more than one eighth of an inch thick, is now being widely used. The platinum ring has the advantage that it can be greatly beautified by using it as a setting for jewels.

# That Famous Disputed Rugby Union Try

**W.** (BILLY) WALLACE, of New Zealand, and one of the greatest Rugby Union backs in football history, has been a frequent visitor to our club in recent weeks. His presence brought back to mind that famous disallowed try in the All Blacks v. Wales match in the early 1900's. In the following article the story is given in full while the diagram on next page is self explanatory and shows the move in detail.

A line out had been formed a little on our side of half way, and from a long throw-in the Welsh forwards gained possession. Freddy Roberts was just in front of them and in order to beat him they made a diagonal kick, but just a little too hard. I was on the wing on the touch-line side and I dashed in, scooped up the ball in my stride, and cut across in front of the forwards before they could lay hands on me. I then made diagonally across the field until I came in front of Nicholls. In order to beat him I turned and straightened up and when he came at me I side-

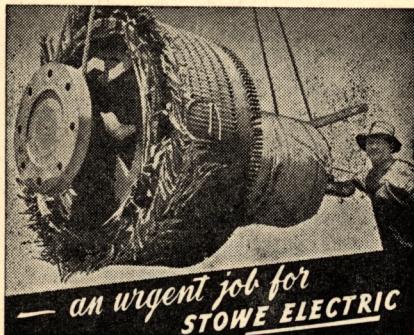
stepped him and slipped through between him and Gabe so that I had a clear run through to Winfield, the full-back who was standing about the twenty-five yards line. Meanwhile Bob Deans had scented the possibilities of the situation and had run his hardest to come up in support. As I neared Winfield I was undecided whether to kick over his head or sell him the dummy and then I heard Bob calling out: "Bill! Bill!" I feinted to pass and could have gone through on my own, for Winfield took the dummy, but quickly recovered himself and came at me again. Rather than risk any mishap at this critical stage I threw Bob Deans out a long pass which he took perfectly and raced ahead. But he made a slight mistake here, for instead of going straight ahead he veered in towards the goal-posts.

Teddy Morgan, the Welsh wing-threequarter, was coming across fast from the other wing and Bob was becoming a little exhausted. Bob saw Teddy Morgan in time and altered his course to straight ahead and just grounded the ball six inches over the line and about eight yards from the goal-posts as Teddy dived at him and got him round the legs. But the try had been scored.

Our chaps all came racing up and shook Bob warmly by the hand, congratulating him and patting him on the back, for the position was a very easy one for me to convert. But here again Bob made another mistake. He got up off the ball and Owen, the Welsh half, picked it up and put it back about six inches in front of the line. The referee had been left standing by the movement and when he came slipping and sliding up from about thirty yards back Owen said: "He forced the ball here" and pointed to a place where the ball was. We, of course, were amazed, and protested strongly against this unsportsmanlike statement, and in the end the referee awarded a five yards scrum. Had Bob not got up off the ball the referee could not have done anything else but award

the try. There was a dead silence among the crowd and this in itself is evidence that the try was scored. Had Teddy Morgan's tackle saved the try, what a roar of applause there would have been! He certainly made a very gallant effort to save the score but he himself has always admitted that Deans got the try.

But the referee ruled the scrum and after a very tight struggle under the Welsh goal-posts Bush found touch and brought relief amid a hurricane of applause. The Welsh crowd were not impartial in their applause and in particular heckled Dave Gallaher very unfairly. We kept up the attack and, on another occasion, Simon Mynott was almost across, being held up before he could ground the ball. Still our forwards battled gamely away and penned the Welshmen in their own quarters. Bob Deans made another dash but was brought down by Gwyn Nicholls. Only twice afterwards did they enter



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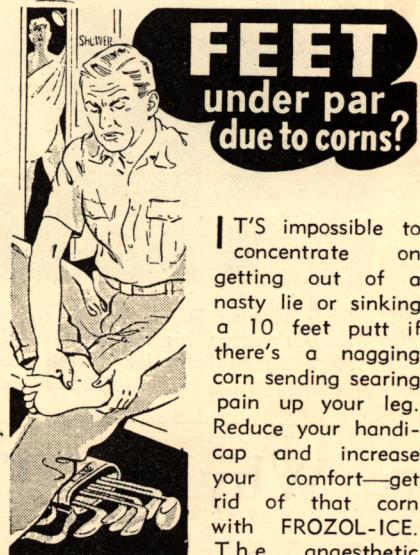
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## PEEP INTO CAR FUTURE

THE car manufacturing industry was, to quote one of its leading designers, "completely shattered" by a Rover Co. announcement recently that they have a 100 brake-horse-power gas turbine car engine running on the test bench.

The engine, equivalent to a 25 h.p. reciprocating engine but considerably smaller in size, has now been operating for 20 hours without any major failure.

Mr. Maurice C. Wilks, chief engineer of the Rover Co., announced that the fuel consumption, whether using petrol, heavy oil or paraffin, was found to be uneconomically high.

### Shapes Will Change

He hinted that it will probably be another five years before the first turbine-driven Rover car reaches the road-test stage.

An engine of this small size, independent of radiator, gearbox or clutch, offers tremendous scope to body designers and threatens to alter the shape of cars to come.

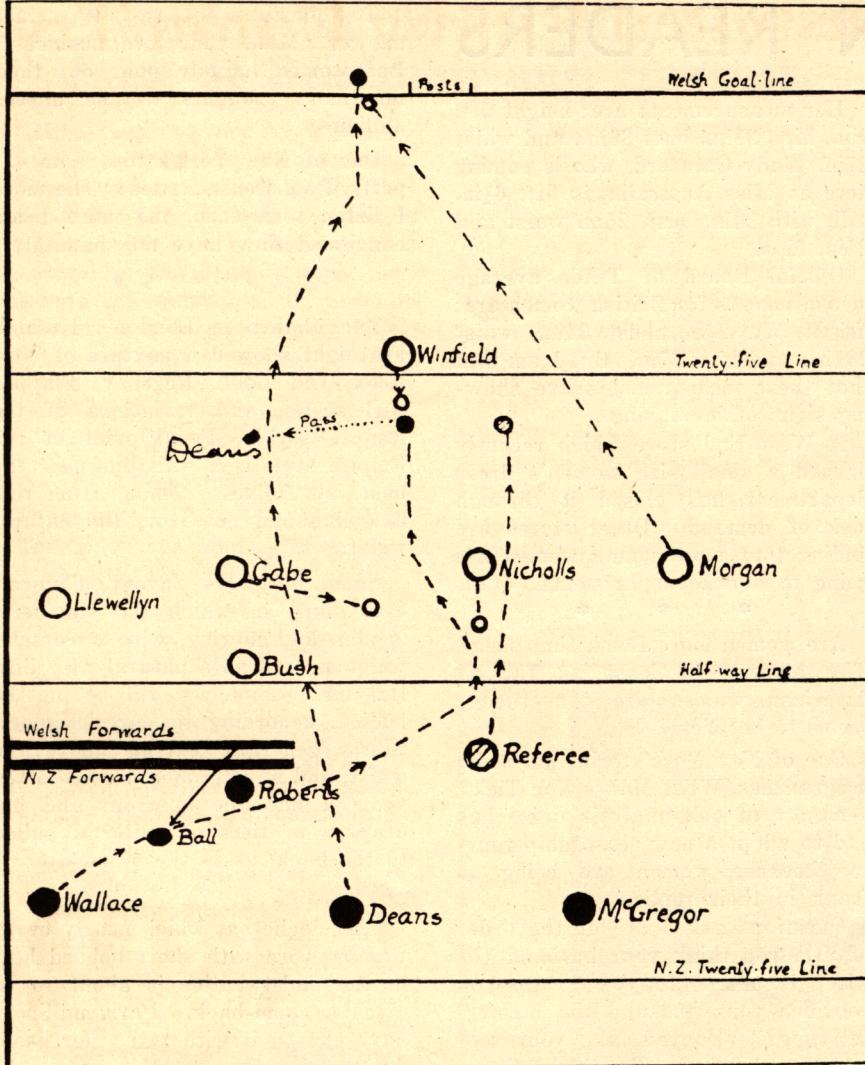


Diagram shows dispositions of the players at various stages of the move.

our territory and on the second occasion Bush made another drop-kick at goal.

Then Freddy Roberts, Jimmy Hunter and Bob Deans indulged in a passing rush which took the play right down to the Welsh line once more. Towards the end of the spell Freddy Roberts slipped round the blind side of the scrum and sent Duncan McGregor over in the corner but the referee called him back for an alleged forward pass. Nevertheless, it was a perfectly fair pass.

This ended our chance of pulling the match out of the fire and the whistle blew shortly afterwards with Wales the victors by three points to nil. Needless to say the enthusiasm was tremendous.

### ODDS AGAINST LIGHTNING

CHANCE of getting struck fatally in a thunderstorm is estimated at one in 3,000,000. Old advice about not sheltering under trees is sound, particularly isolated trees. And when out of doors put down your umbrella and stop waving about anything metallic like a golf club.

Most fatalities are among farm workers using a spade or a fork at the time. Indoors you are literally as safe as houses. Old advice like covering up knives and forks is nonsense. Some people cover their looking-glass, but since glass is a non-conductor of electricity this is bigger nonsense than Alice going through one.

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# FOR WOMEN READERS

Although this is a club for men, we are delighted to have the company of women on appropriate occasions. Men have told us that their wives and the womenfolk of their families read Tattersall's Magazine. Here, then, are several items that should interest women.

A Manchester cotton firm are reported to have found that Australian girls are two inches taller and one inch larger all round than English girls. For that reason they are said to have altered dress sizes in their Australian factory.

Open-air life and exercise tend to make Australian women larger on some measurements, even when their weight is about level with that of British women.

Film star Patti Morgan, whose engagement has just been announced to Captain Victor Silvester, only son of Victor Silvester, the dance band leader, is among the bigger girls. Formerly Australia's chief camera model, she is now in this country.



WIND, sun and strain leave the eyes very sore and bloodshot after an afternoon at the course or links. Just put two drops of Murine in each eye and get quick relief. Murine's seven special ingredients wash away irritation . . . your eyes feel and look refreshed and soothed. Next time you're at the Club Barber Shop ask for a free trial treatment of Murine. . . . Then you're sure to want to buy a bottle from the 1st Floor Store or any chemist—price 3/-.



Distributing Agents: Clinton Williams Pty. Ltd.

Her measurements are: height 5ft. 9in., hips 38in., bust 38in., and waist 27in. Judy Gainford, who is coming here as Miss Australia, is 5ft. 6½in. tall, with 34in. bust, 25in. waist and 35in. hips.

Official Board of Trade average measurements for British women are: height 5ft. 2½in., bust 34in., waist 28½in., and hips 37in. But I am told that these measurements are showing signs of increasing.

A West End store which recently opened a small size women's dress department has closed it through lack of demand. Other stores are finding that more young women are going to outsize departments.

\* \* \*

Are women more frank than men? The answer—at least as far as American women are concerned—seems to be: Yes.

One of New York's principal radio programmes, What Makes You Tick?—a sort of self-analysis quiz—has had to adopt a new censorship routine because women are being so frank in their replies.

Questions asked are of the order of "Do you think your husband (or wife) is untrue to you?" "Do you consider your husband the masterful type?" "Do you take your secretary out after office hours?"

## Does Your Will Express Your Wishes

NOW is a good time to review your Will and to ask yourself whether it expresses your present wishes.

When you do so, carefully consider your choice of Executor. An Executor's duties have never been so arduous as to-day.

By appointing Perpetual Trustee Company Limited as your Executor you will place the interests of your dependents in the safe, capable hands of one of the largest Trustee Companies in the world.

Write for particulars of the Company's services.

To questions of this type men answer "Mind your own business!" But women happily pour out their innermost thoughts to the unseen audience.

One of New York's top radio experts, Paul Denis, writes: "The more I listen to women, the more I am convinced they have no shame."

\* \* \*

The clothes in London's Fashion Fortnight showed a mixture of New Look, Old Look, Regency, Flapper Girl styles, and variations of the Empire style. Focal point of the Empire style is a waistline near the bust, all fullness coming from this new line and not from the natural waist.

Some designers favour a "princess" line, in which the silhouette is slim and flowing, with a corseted waist as well as a natural waistline. But main emphasis will be on the bodice, according to our designers. Skirts generally extend above the waist, and in afternoon dresses often show a flat line in front and hip drapery or tiers of material pulled to the back, as in the silhouette.

\* \* \*

The cloche hat which nearly every woman wore with short bobbed hair in the mid-twenties is about to be given a come-back. Paris milliners have chosen it with two other basic designs, for the coming season.

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# As Leading English Critic Saw the Last of Bradman and Hassett

THE organ, on every stop, sounds for Don Bradman; a Paean; and a Vesper, though he is little past the noon of his skill. This is very right from the angle both of manners and of fact. But the Vice-Captain, too, has earned a salutation, an up-and-down run on a very well-tuned flute. For Lindsay Hassett will not, I fancy play for Australia here again; and he will be missed by thousands more than he, for one, can ever know.

## A Test Incident

If Hassett had never made 50 in a Test match, he would still be famous for the way he plays cricket. Just one instance; taken in spite of its obviousness. In the fifth Test, at the Oval, Denis Compton dropped his bat in playing a rising ball from Lindwall. Through one of those misjudgements that can level the greatest player with the least, Compton hesitated on the run, to pick up his bat. Hassett, coming in to the ball from third man, had a clear chance to run Compton out. He didn't try to take the chance. Anyone, almost, might have acted as Hassett did; but, in him, it was a spontaneous sign of the sort of thing that goes on inside Hassett, on and off the field.

Touring captains must be overbusy men. Hassett's business, and pleasure, was, in the more private and un-official hours, to make the word "team" mean what it tries to say. Even winning sides need that sort of nurse. He succeeded, 105 per cent. Openly, he brought on to the field humour; not as a show-piece but a natural companion. When, at Manchester, he missed a couple of catches that might have lost the Test he gave himself a little quiet fielding practice at deep long-leg.

His own batting in the Tests was a masterpiece of denial. When required to take lessons from the snail, he put on the shell. He allowed himself and us only a few peeps of the Hassett of 10 years ago. But, within the limits of quietude, he achieved a nearly perfect artistry. Deflections can outdo the drive in making a fool of the bowler.

## War-time Memories

I did not see him bowl; and I am sorry for that; for the sight would have recalled mid-War summers in England, when Keith Miller, of the Royal Australian Air Force, tried to knock the Lord's pavilion off its foundations, and Lindsay Hassett, of the Australian Army, entertained the connoisseurs of Eastbourne to the medium-paced ball that "runs away with the arm," or doesn't.

So good-bye to Hassett; a star, right enough; but with the brightness that is most easy to the eye,

and most remembered in the heart.  
—R. C. Robertson-Glasgow in "The Observer."

## A MOTHER'S FIDELITY

MUTE eloquence of a mother's fidelity is her carved effigy, dressed in her own clothes, which stands in an open window of a house in Bruges, Belgium. When her son went to war in 1914, she promised to watch for his return at this window. Refusing to believe reports that he had been killed, she continued her vigil until bed-ridden, when she had the effigy put in her place. She and her son have been dead for years, but the silent figure still watches the road leading to Liege.

The advertisement features a black and white photograph of a smiling man wearing a striped tie. A speech bubble above him contains the text "BIGGER BETTER SMARTER". Below the photo, the text reads "THE NEW Klipper WOOL TIE". To the right of the tie, the number "4/3" is displayed above the words "THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA". At the bottom, the text "Made from a Vicars Wool Fabric" is visible.

# ROUNDABOUT OF SPORT

**H**OW much money has Joe Louis made out of boxing? Answer: Not more than £75,000. Yet in his 71 fights during the last 14 years Louis has brought £3,185,000 to the box-office. These figures have been given to my New York reporter by Mr. Frank Mastro, an American boxing organiser. Mastro says that boxing champions get too little and their promoters, managers, trainers, etc., get too much.

Take the £sd. of Louis's last fight — against Joe Walcott recently. Louis was to get 40 per cent. of the takings from box office, radio, television and films. This, it is estimated, means £97,750 for Louis. By the time he has paid his managers, chef, trainers, plus £29,000 to the income-tax man, Louis will have £19,750 left.

Meantime Louis says: "I ain't gonna need no tin cup." Although he has sold his Chicago night club, his Detroit restaurant, his Michigan farm, and his 35 horses, he still owns



**A** FEW DROPS of Velmol rubbed through the hair in the morning and you can forget it for the rest of the day—you'll be as smart and well groomed at five as you were at nine. Velmol gives your hair that natural, healthy lustre so unlike the "concrete-board" effect of greasy, gummy brilliantines and fixatives. Buy a bottle of Velmol from the 1st Floor Club Store or any chemist—price, 2/3.

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blocks of flats in Chicago and Detroit, and has substantial annuities.

\* \* \*

**E**NGLISH CRICKET writer: M.C.C. issued recently a new code of laws on cricket. But they are still hazy about the bad-light rule which has played so big a part in the Nottingham Test match. Even our own cricket officials at Trent Bridge are fogged by them.

Umpire Frank Chester and his colleague E. Cook have been acting on the assumption that physical danger to the batsman is the only reason for stopping play. It is arguable that the rules, and the instructions to umpires, support this assumption. But it is also arguable that they do not. M.C.C. must try again.

\* \* \*

**G**LAMORGAN invited Jack Hobbs and Herbert Sutcliffe to umpire the two matches arranged to commemorate their victory in the County Cricket Championship.

Within a few days of the opening of a public Testimonial Fund for Glamorgan nearly £500 has already been subscribed.

\* \* \*

**R**EPORTED South African criticism of English spin bowler Douglas Wright's habit of licking his fingers to get a better grip inspired the following letter in "The Times":—

*As finger-bowls would be denied  
To cricketers (fastidious souls),  
So Wright claims right upon his  
side  
And, having licked his fingers,  
bowls.*

\* \* \*

"**E**VENING STANDARD" critic's summing up after England had been beaten in all the international matches: England's Rugby team needs a coach. If I had taken a schoolboy to Murrayfield on Saturday, he would have seen every offence committed which, if practised by himself at school, would have earned him a beating. It is in fact little use to take the young to see the England side of to-day; it would be far more salutary to take these international chaps to watch a first-class public school match. After that, I would like

a school coach to be turned loose among them at practice, with the traditional switch in his hand.

Against Scotland, we saw wings who never once received a pass, forwards who got off-side barged in the line-out, failed to play the ball, or got their foot up so constantly that there were 22 penalties in the game. We even saw a full-back not only failing to save his forwards (one short) by judicious kicking, but after fielding the ball, running about with it like a dog with a slipper, whilst the bewildered pack played follow my leader, wondering what he was going to do next.

## BILLIARD AND SNOOKER CHARGES

As from the 1st January, 1949, the charges for the following will be:—

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3 or more Players (per Stick) 6d.

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## PIN MONEY

THE bookie slowly counted out the pound notes into the old Lady's wrinkled hands. "Lady," he said, "I just don't understand. How ever do you manage to pick the winner?"

The old lady patted her white locks in place. She looked a little bewildered.

"Really," she said, "I don't know myself. I just stick a pin in the paper and . . . well, there it is."

The bookie took a deep breath.

"That's all very well, lady," he cried. "But how on earth did you manage to pick four winners in one afternoon?"

"Oh," replied the old lady, "that was easy. You see, I used a fork."

—The Householder."

\* \* \*

**L**ORD DRUMLANRIG, father of the Marquis of Queensberry, who gave his name to the boxing rules, once resolved to test the fistic skill of a neighbouring farmer. He rode gaily into a enclosure where the farmer was working and said: "Friend, I've heard a good deal of talk about you and I've come to see which of us is the better man." Without replying, the farmer seized him round the waist and hurled him clean over the hedge. He then resumed his labours as if nothing had happened. When his Lordship picked himself up the farmer looked up and said: "Well, hae ye onything mair to say to me?" "No," replied Drummy, "but perhaps you'll be good enough to throw me my horse." —James Brady in "Strange Encounters."

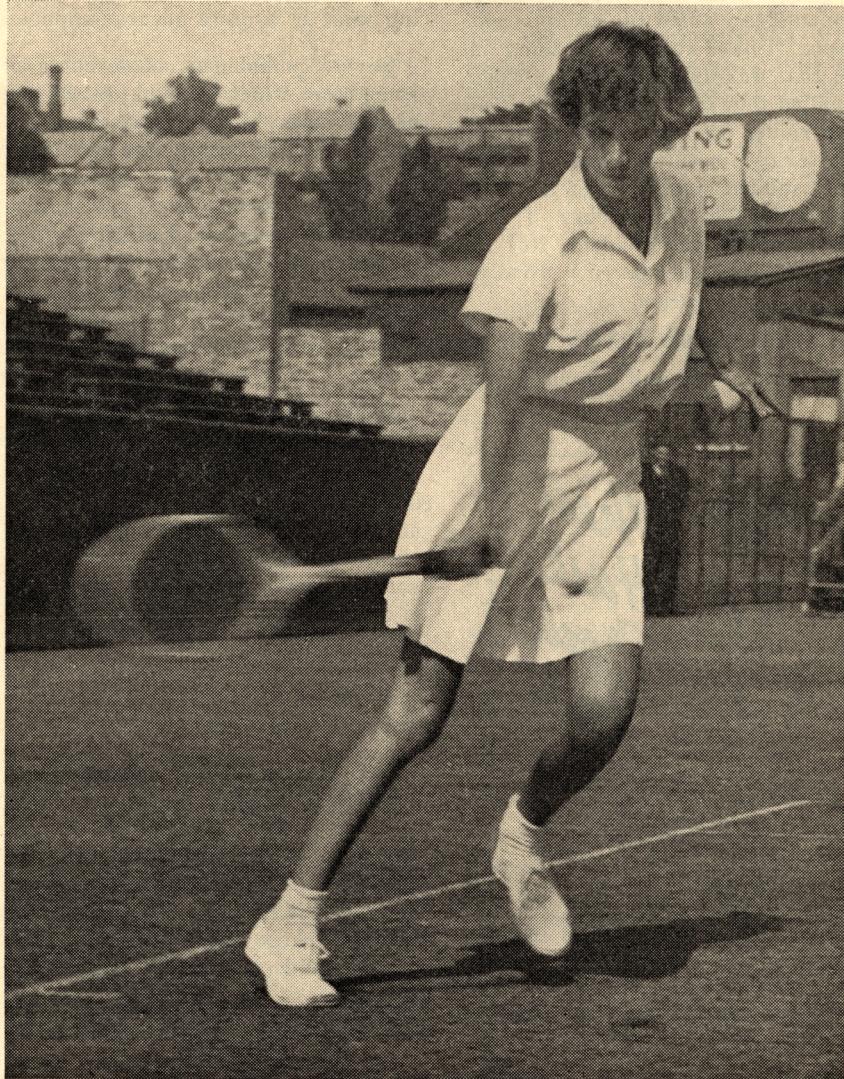
\* \* \*

**C**LOSE-UP of Barnes by English cricket writer: Forgetting any possible reasons for the tactic, I certainly agree with all those at Lord's who were saying they had never seen anyone get as close to the bat as Sid Barnes did in the Australians' match with the M.C.C. He was always nearer, for instance, than I ever remember seeing Yorkshire's famous pair, Brian Sellers and Arthur Mitchell, before the war. They were, I think, Barnes' most successful predecessors as exponents of "suicide fielding"—despite memories of Percy Chapman of Kent (primarily a gully fielder but an expert, too, at silly mid-off) and Surrey's Bill Hitch.

**C**RICITISM from India of the Gaekwar of Baroda's personal expenditure hinges no doubt on his racing activities in England. During the last three years he has invested heavily in horses here. In four days he spent £73,500 on bloodstock; another time he paid nearly £60,000 for a group of yearlings; for Dante's brother he paid the record sum of £29,400. It is estimated that the Gaekwar's present string of horses is worth £250,000. He has a stable at Newmarket. The Gaekwar paid more than £50,000 for Sam Darling's place there. Fred Armstrong, his

trainer, is in charge of the stable.

Of late the Gaekwar has turned to breeding. He bought an agricultural estate in County Kildare; intends to turn it into a stud farm. The Gaekwar has often flown from India to see his horses run in England. He takes guests to race meetings in his own airplane. His home here is a 20-room Georgian house at Headley, Surrey, which he bought from Sir Malcolm Campbell in 1946. Four months of the year he lives there; plays golf on his private course.



Australians always hold out the hand of welcome to oversea champion sportsmen or sportswomen. Picture shows Miss D. Hart, one of the world's foremost tennis champions who is at present touring Australia and, in the main, showing our feminine stars how the game should be played.

# PSYCHOLOGY OF THE RACEHORSE

No one should ever knowingly hurt a horse when in its own stall, even at any time. That stall is home, sanctuary. It is because of this feeling of security that a thoroughly frightened horse will sometimes return to it through a burning stable.

AMERICA'S "Thoroughbred Record" its oldest journal on horse racing and breeding, is full of interesting stories about the racehorse. One which has been of particular interest to Americans and all others who have read it, dealt with "The Psychology of the Horse." Club members should be interested.

Written by Stanley Harrison, it says:

Riding along a country track my mare suddenly shied for no apparent reason. There was not a thing in sight that warranted her alarm. Then I recalled that over a year ago when I was riding the same mare over the same trail we both had been startled by the sudden emergence of a boar-pig from one of the ditches. I had quite forgotten the incident. Not so the mare; she remembered it vividly, and its exact location.

## Remarkable Memory

The horse possesses a remarkable

memory of things and places. In a free state this mare probably would never voluntarily have gone near that ditch again. Memory would have registered a warning; a fact which helps to explain why horses have outlived every other creature on earth. Because many people who handle horses do not appreciate this keen faculty of memory in horses, and because many do not trouble to study horse psychology, they all too frequently punish a horse for obeying what is a quite natural impulse.

Severe punishment of a horse is something which should rarely — almost never — be resorted to. His simple mind does not associate such punishment with the misconduct which occasioned it. I say severe punishment because a cutting whip-lash or a vicious blow stampedes the horse's reasoning power and, apart from pain, leaves him conscious of only one emotion, which is alarm.

Subsequently, memory links that unhappy experience with the man and the place rather than with any faintest recollection of his own misconduct. This does not mean that the horse cannot be disciplined; on the contrary, he is intelligently amenable to it if the lesson is impressed in a proper manner, by calm firmness and patience that does not defeat its purpose by frightening the poor creature out of its powers of reasoning, which are very limited.

Nor does it require physical punishment to keep a horse in a perpetual state of nervous tension. A bad tempered attendant who also possesses a disagreeable voice can do this without the aid of any whip; to a horse, whose sense of smell is his keenest guide, such a man positively stinks!

## Trembled With Fright

I once saw a filly rush towards a man who was abusing her. Trembling with fright she pressed her head against him, obviously seeking protection against himself. It was a strangely illuminating sight, and I

am glad to say that the man in question instantly understood. Shame took the place of his impatient anger and it was almost comical to see his shocked expression. Never again, where horses were concerned, did he allow his volcanic temper to betray his natural kindness of heart which the filly instinctively sought.

After a lifetime spent among horses, in which I have known every surge of delight to be felt in their companionship as well as every swift flash of impatience, anger and grief occasioned by their misbehaviour, it is always a positive pain to watch the manner in which some two-year-olds are handled, especially when being "schooled" at the starting gate.

Incidentally, it is astonishing how sometimes a horse's unruliness can be overcome by changing his fixed attention in some trivial manner, such as pretending to examine his foot or making a fancied adjustment to his bridle. It doesn't always work, of course, but the point is that it works sometimes and thus proves that a horse's mental processes are not very complex.

The original inspiration of speed was fear, the first of all spurs. The very young foal manifests it. This fear seems to be absent in foals that

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are constantly associated with kindly men; in fact they are often so absurdly fearless that they become a mild nuisance with their utter friendlessness. But human nature being what it is, fear later comes to life again and plays its strong part in the horse's mentality. The good horseman knows this and governs his relations with it accordingly, being careful to account for and allay instinctive fright in a horse before calling upon its sense of obedience.

### Know What The Score Is

There is little doubt that many racehorses know just what the score is. Flight is the first instinct of a horse. In the first instance it was from fear. Later, the competitive spirit, gradually inspired during the process of mass gallopings, superseded fear and became the dominating impulse. This competitive impulse, or spirit of endeavour, to give it a more poetic sound, aided by the reasoning judgment of a rider who thinks with and for his mount, gives us the finished horse race.

Fear, however, is still very much alive, if only latent, and it is this fear which many so-called whip-riders mainly depend on — to the ruin of their mounts. Most whip-riders know as much about a horse, as a horse, as they know about the Fourth Dimension, and if they happen to win a few races by employing the tactics of a wild Indian working his passage, they complacently flatter themselves with the fantastic, not to say erroneous idea that they can ride a horse. There is but one commendable thing about a whip-rider; the briefness of his hour.

### Jockeys Who Abuse The Whip

One does not frown upon the use of the whip, but upon the abuse of it. Unhappily there are a vast number of jockeys who have little sense of the difference. But a horse that has had the misfortune to be ridden by one of these imposters knows the difference, and he has not been improved by the knowledge.

All animals — and birds, too, for that matter — have a sense of fun and good-humoured mischief. And by this token, if you have never seen a gay

## MAN VERSUS CHANNEL

So long as a 21-mile strip of salt water divides England from France it seems that there will always be someone prepared to swim across it.

Though Channel swimming is never "official," a successful crossing is considered by the world's swimmers to be a Blue Riband achievement. It is, with them, a matter of personal and national prestige.

Latest swimmer to seek the bubble reputation is Nottingham's 18-stone Tom Blower, waiting to make the first two-way attempt. Altogether 28 swimmers have succeeded in crossing the Channel under their own power. Seventeen of them are men, eleven are women.

Until August 24, 1875, for some reason, no one looked upon this stretch of difficult water — the most difficult in the world — as a feasible challenge. On that date the first swim was accomplished by Captain Matthew Webb, an Englishman, in 21 hours 45 minutes. It was not until 1911 that the next successful crossing was made. T. W. Burgess, another Englishman, swam from France to England in 21 hours 35 minutes.

But between these peaks of achievement lie the disappointments of swims attempted again and again without success. Greatest of the failures is Miss Elna Andersen, of Den-

---

cow—that steady example of phlegmatic respectability intoxicated by the "spring winds that blow from the south, tra-la"—you have truly witnessed the most ludicrous sight in the whole theatre of rural existence.

But to return to horses, one has only to watch two colts playing together to be fully convinced of their whole-hearted enjoyment of a good old rough-and-tumble. As a passing example of a genuine sense of humour, we have a blood stallion who loves to lip your hat off and run away with it. When he drops it and you try to retrieve it he will beat you to the pitch and snatch it away from under your hand. That, too, is real thinking. It is human abuse of such rare ability in some horses that makes rogues out of them.

mark, who is making her fourth attempt this week. Twice before she had to be pulled out of the water in tears as her strength gave out.

Time and again coaches in the boats are tempted to stop their swimmers as they see them weakening against the buffeting of the sea. It is not until a swimmer is really spent that he is taken aboard the launch.

It was left to a Frenchman, Georges Michel, to capture the record, as yet unbeaten, for the France-to-England swim. He did this in September, 1926, in 11 hr. 5 min.

But the reputation for the greatest Channel swimming feat of all time belongs to Britain's Mr. E. H. Temme, once an insurance clerk and now a swimming-bath superintendent. He holds the record for the unconventional England-France crossing, which he made in 1934 with a time of 15 hours 54 minutes. And he is the only swimmer to swim the Channel both ways.

Most luckless of all Channel swimmers was Jabez Wolfe, who died in 1943. He made no fewer than 21 attempts, but was beaten each time, though once — in 1908 — he got within a quarter of a mile of the French coast in 14 hours 55 minutes.

There are eight swimmers, most of them here at present moment, waiting to make a new assault. The youngest is a 17-year-old Yorkshire schoolboy, Philip Mickman.

Captain Webb started something in 1875. It looks as though no power on earth (or water) will stop it.

(Advice from England.)

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### Iceland Takes Honours

PRIDE of place for Olympic Games patriotism went to Iceland. Out of their tiny population of 150,000 they sent 25 competitors, and 250 enthusiasts flew to England at their own expense. The Iceland colony permanent in London was 50. The Icelandic team did not do too well in the games, but it had only one complaint. The swimmers found the water too cold. In Iceland there are so many volcanic geysers that the rivers are warm.

# A Modern Jules Verne

**A**JULES VERNE of the Jet Age spoke in London. Peering into the future, he saw winged rocket projectiles, with pressure cabins, leaping up into the sky from a London airport with passengers who would be in Australia in less than an hour. The prophet was no idle dreamer, but a sober authority on air transport: Mr. Peter Masefield, Director-General of Long-Term Planning and Projects at the Ministry of Civil Aviation (writes Courtenay Edwards, "Daily Mail" Air Correspondent.)

He was giving the Royal Aeronautical Society's annual Empire and Commonwealth lecture. It was a brilliant review of civil aviation's economic problems and its hopes for the future. On rocket projectiles he said: "It is the ultimate peak of high-speed transport to which we can look forward. With theoretical intra-terrestrial speeds of up to 18,000 m.p.h. and inter-planetary

speeds of 25,000 m.p.h., the rocket may eventually bring any point on the earth's surface within an hour of any other point—and at an economic fare. Although such projects may sound fantastic, the progression to a service 'On the hour to anywhere in the hour' is no greater than that from the stage-coach of yester-year to the 300-m.p.h. plane of today."

Mr. Masefield also said this about THE FUTURE: In ten years we can look for fares down to those for surface travel and for speeds above the 500-m.p.h. mark. Beyond the Turbine Era we may look for that of the winged commercial rocket and, perhaps, atomic power. After the plain jet engine comes the ram-jet, which takes us into the unexplored realms of supersonic speeds. The best operating speed would appear to be around 2,200 m.p.h. at 50,000 ft. or more.

The rocket power plant is a fur-

ther stage away. It should make possible speeds of up to 5,000 m.p.h. at not less than 100,000ft. for stage lengths of 500 miles. The prop-jet engine (as used in the new Vickers Viscount) is not receiving the amount of effort which it deserves, and only a fraction of the development which is being concentrated on the turbo-jet.

## TIMES CHANGE

**A** CRITIC who finds the National Anthem "the acme of dullness" would find (if he looked it up) that in 1745, when it was composed, conditions were far from dull, the Race being terrified of the Scots.

Hence Verse 4, which nobody dares to sing to-day:

Lord, grant that Marshal Wade  
May by Thy mighty aid  
Victory bring;  
May he Sedition hush,  
And like a Torrent rush  
Rebellious Scots to crush,  
God save the King.

It appeared in "The Gentleman's Magazine," showing that charges of bad form are quite absurd.

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# The Worry Germ

**C**HILDREN are compelled by law to go to school to learn what the adults want to teach them. There is no law to make the grown-ups learn from the children, yet there is much they could learn. Everybody for example, might profit from the lesson unintentionally given by two-year-old Kenneth Liebman of New York City. This bouncing boy tumbled out of his apartment window, fell six floors, landed on the lawn and got up and waddled off unhurt. How did he escape injury? Because he was relaxed. If little Kenneth should have a similar accident 30 years from now, after civilisation had gone to work on him, what would happen? His muscles would tighten in fear, and he'd be picked up in the same condition as a shattered pretzel (writes Readers' Digest).

Only a few adults keep this life-saving virtue born in every child—the art of relaxation. Most champions do. And that is why they are champions. They are co-ordinated because they have the priceless gift of relaxing in the middle of action. It is hard

to win any game when you're fighting yourself as well as the other fellow. And you are fighting yourself when worry divides your mind with self-doubt and fear.

Man worries even if he has everything he needs to keep him from worry. He worries because he is afraid he can't keep what he has. Worry is the most contagious disease yet untamed by science, a worldwide plague spread by a bacillus invisible to any microscope ever invented — fear. Tension kills more people than anything except overeating. And overeating in millions of cases is nothing but a nervous expression of tension. People actually worry themselves fat at the dinner table.

An hour more of sleep each night by everybody would destroy more nervous tension than all the pills or booze in all the bottles ever blown. And you'd get to work on time—there's one more worry gone.

## MAKING IT WILL(ING)

**T**HIS article by an English writer should commend itself to many who have gone to law as well as some who may contemplate the excursion:

I recommend the Bar of England to put up a statue in the Temple to Mr. Caleb Diplock. He has made a fortune for lawyers. In 1936, Diplock, former Eastbourne Gas Company chairman, died at Polegate, Sussex. He had inherited £66,000 from his father, a brewer. For years Caleb had had £15,000 a year income. But he lived on £2,000; so when he died at 95 he left £528,000.

His executors were left £263,000 to distribute among "charitable or benevolent" institutions. They chose 139 hospitals, homes and funds, sent them cheques for varying amounts. Biggest gift went to Guy's: £21,000. Other London hospitals — including Westminster, Middlesex, London, Bart's and Charing Cross — received amounts ranging from £3,000 to £8,000.

In 1940, a distant cousin in Australia, next-of-kin to Caleb, claimed the will was invalid. The use of the word "or" in the phrase "charitable or benevolent" made it doubtful whether the bequest was a valid charitable gift.

Over this one word litigation raged. In 1944 the House of Lords decided the will could not stand.

What about the money already paid out, and, in many cases, spent? The cousin began another series of lawsuits claiming it all back. Now the Court of Appeal have delivered judgment, after three weeks of argument by 15 lawyers. Their decision: Where the money (or the buildings put up with it) is still identifiable the charities must pay it all back.

Most of the hospitals concerned have been taken over by Mr. Bevan. So the State must pay.

## THEY HIT NOT

**A**FTER five-and-a-half rounds of desultory boxing between Eric Boon (Chatteris) and Gwyn Williams, the Welsh champion, Mr. Ben Green, of Manchester, the referee, stopped the bout and declared it "no contest" at Harringay.

The fight was an eliminator for the British welterweight championship.

Almost from the start the spectators showed their disapproval of the way the fight was going by cat-calling, blowing whistles and slow clapping.

The referee spoke to the men in the third round, warning them to make a fight of it and again in the fifth he repeated his "lecture."

It did not come as a surprise when in the sixth round with the contest continuing at the same dismal pace, he sent the boxers to their corners and the M.C. announced "no contest."

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# AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

## 1949

### DATES FOR RACING FIXTURES

#### JANUARY.

<b>Tattersall's Club</b>	..... Sat.	1
(At Randwick)		
Australian Jockey Club	.... Mon.	3
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	8
(At Moorefield)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	.... Sat.	15
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	22
(At Rosehill)		
Australian Jockey Club	.... Sat.	29
Australian Jockey Club	.... Mon.	31

#### FEBRUARY.

Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	5
(At Rosehill)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	.... Sat.	12
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	19
(At Canterbury Park)		
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	26
(At Canterbury Park)		

#### MARCH.

Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	5
(At Moorefield)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	.... Sat.	12
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	19
(At Canterbury Park)		
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	26
(At Rosehill)		

#### APRIL.

Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	2
(At Rosehill)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	.... Sat.	9
(At Randwick)		
Australian Jockey Club	.... Sat.	16
Australian Jockey Club	.... Mon.	18
Australian Jockey Club	.... Wed.	20
Australian Jockey Club	.... Sat.	23
City Tattersall's Club	.... Sat.	30
(At Randwick)		

#### MAY.

Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	7
(At Canterbury Park)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	.... Sat.	14
(At Randwick)		
<b>Tattersall's Club</b>	.... Sat.	21
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	28
(At Canterbury Park)		

#### JUNE.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	.... Sat.	4
(At Randwick)		
Australian Jockey Club	.... Sat.	11
Australian Jockey Club	.... Mon.	13
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	18
(At Moorefield)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	.... Sat.	25
(At Randwick)		

#### JULY.

Australian Jockey Club	.... Sat.	2
(At Canterbury Park)		
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	9
(At Canterbury Park)		
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	16
(At Canterbury Park)		
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	23
(At Rosehill)		
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	30
(At Rosehill)		

#### AUGUST.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	.... Mon.	1
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	6
(At Canterbury Park)		
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	13
(At Canterbury Park)		
Hawkesbury Racing Club	.... Sat.	20
(At Rosehill)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	.... Sat.	27
(At Randwick)		

#### SEPTEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	3
(At Canterbury Park)		
<b>Tattersall's Club</b>	.... Sat.	10
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	17
(At Rosehill)		
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	24
(At Rosehill)		
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	29
(At Moorefield)		

#### OCTOBER.

Australian Jockey Club	.... Sat.	1
Australian Jockey Club	.... Mon.	3
Australian Jockey Club	.... Wed.	5
Australian Jockey Club	.... Sat.	8
City Tattersall's Club	.... Sat.	15
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	22
(At Rosehill)		
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	29
(At Moorefield)		

#### NOVEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	5
(At Canterbury Park)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	.... Sat.	12
(At Randwick)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	.... Sat.	19
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	26
(At Canterbury Park)		

#### DECEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	.... Sat.	3
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	10
(At Rosehill)		
Sydney Turf Club	.... Sat.	17
(At Rosehill)		
Australian Jockey Club	.... Sat.	24
Australian Jockey Club	.... Mon.	26
Australian Jockey Club	.... Tues.	27
<b>Tattersall's Club</b>	.... Sat.	31
(At Randwick)		

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# AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB ANNIVERSARY MEETING

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

January 29th and 31st,  
1949



## PRINCIPAL EVENTS:

**First Day: SATURDAY, JANUARY 29th  
THE CHALLENGE STAKES—**

**£2,000 Added**

Six Furlongs



**Second Day: MONDAY, JANUARY 31st**

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ANNIVERSARY HANDICAP—**

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